

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Donald and the Hard Platts Vampires.

In the quiet village of Nelson Lancashire, nestled among rolling hills and lush greenery, there was a sense of tranquillity that seemed to envelop the entire place. But beneath the peaceful facade, an old legend lingered – a tale of mystery and darkness that had been whispered through generations.

One foggy evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon and cast long shadows across the cobblestone streets, a man named Donald found himself walking through the heart of Nelson. Donald was a curious soul, always seeking adventure and excitement in the most unexpected places. He had heard snippets of the local legend of the Hard Platts Vampires, a group of supernatural creatures rumoured to haunt the nearby woods.

Despite the warnings from the villagers, who spoke of the dangers lurking in the shadows, Donald's curiosity got the better of him. He decided to venture into the dense forest surrounding the village, armed with nothing but a lantern and a heart full of bravado.

As he delved deeper into the woods, the atmosphere grew increasingly eerie. The branches of ancient trees creaked in the wind, and the hoot of an owl sent a shiver down Donald's spine. The dense undergrowth seemed to clutch at his ankles, as if trying to keep him from uncovering the secrets that lay ahead.

Eventually, Donald stumbled upon an abandoned clearing, where an old, crumbling mansion stood. The mansion was shrouded in darkness, its windows boarded up and its once-grand facade marred by time and neglect. This had to be the place where the Hard Platts Vampires were rumoured to dwell.

Summoning all his courage, Donald pushed open the creaking front door and stepped into the mansion's interior. The air was heavy with dust and the musty scent of decay. Moonlight filtered through gaps in the boarded-up windows, casting eerie shadows on the walls.

As he explored the mansion's dimly lit rooms, Donald felt an inexplicable sense of being watched. He could almost hear faint whispers and soft footsteps echoing through the halls. Each creaking floorboard seemed to hint at the mansion's haunted past.

Just as doubt began to creep into Donald's mind, a voice echoed through the darkness. "Who dares trespass in our domain?" The voice was chilling, dripping with a mixture of curiosity and menace. Donald's heart raced as he turned to see a figure cloaked in shadows, eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light.

"I-I'm Donald," he stammered, his lantern trembling in his grip. "I... I was just curious about the legends surrounding this place."

The figure stepped forward, revealing its true form – a woman with striking features, pale skin, and a sense of elegance that belied her eerie presence. She introduced herself as Lady Isolde, the last of the Hard Platts Vampires, cursed to eternal life and isolation.

Donald listened intently as Lady Isolde recounted the tragic tale of her kind. Once a thriving and noble vampire clan, the Hard Platts had fallen victim to a curse that stripped them of their powers and forced them into hiding. They were now nothing more than shadows of their former selves, haunting the mansion in quiet desperation.

As the night wore on, Donald and Lady Isolde formed an unlikely connection. He shared stories of the world beyond the woods, and she offered glimpses into the forgotten history of Nelson Lancashire. They discovered that their fates were intertwined, both seeking to break free from the constraints that bound them.

Together, they embarked on a journey to uncover the secrets of the curse and find a way to restore the Hard Platts Vampires to their former glory. Along the way, they encountered challenges and faced their deepest fears. Through their unwavering determination and friendship, they discovered the key to breaking the curse – an act of true selflessness and sacrifice.

With the curse finally lifted, the mansion once again stood as a majestic symbol of the Hard Platts' legacy. Lady Isolde and her fellow vampires, now free to roam the world without fear, chose to use their powers for good, protecting the village and its inhabitants from any lurking dangers.

As seasons changed and years passed, the legend of Donald and the Hard Platts Vampires became a cherished tale in Nelson Lancashire. The village, once steeped in mystery, now thrived with newfound hope and unity. And at the heart of it all was a bond that transcended the boundaries of the supernatural – the enduring friendship between a curious adventurer and a lonely vampire seeking redemption.

By Donald Jay